was surprised at the wonderful way which these people handle all sorts of metal and machinery. There is never a mistake, and the men are on hand every time.

CHINESE INGENUITY. What I saw to-day has removed from my mind all doubt as to the ability of the Chinese to construct and manage modern machinery, and I question much whether they have not the germs of a creative ability, which, under proper conditions, might produce as great inventions to-day as the Chinese mind has done in the past. The compass, gunpowder and printing originated here, and we may have a Chinese Edison in the future. I asked questions of Mr. Cornish concerning this, as we walked through the works, and he told me that several of the mechanics had improved upon the original models, which had been imported, and I saw a machine for cutting steel which a friend of Li Hung Chang had adapted to the making of candlewicks, and which, by his favor, he was running with the arsenal power. Said Mr. Cornish:

"The lack of inventors in China may come from there being no patent law. These men up new things, because their neighbors will steal their ideas. Besides, you must remember that the Chinese mind has for years run in other directions. A mechanic is not of much account here, and the man who can write a three-line poem or can quote Confucius would be thought more of than any inventor. Tupper, the poet, had he been born in China, would have outranked an Edison, and the literati look down on such work as beneath them."

I did not have time yesterday to visit the powder works, where the Chinese are making all sorts of powder, from the brown cocoanuts which are used for the heavy guns to the small black grains which are made for modern rifles, but I saw samples of the powder, and Mr. Cornish says there is a chemist now on his way from Germany to China, who will teach them how to make the smokeless powder, which has been recently invented.

I asked as to the hours of work and the wages of the men. Mr. Cornish replied: "It is a curious thing that we have an eight-hour law in existence in these works and our employes work fewer hours perhaps than in any other native establishment in China. The men begin work at 7:30 a. m. and work until 11:30. Then they or otherwise, we could work them almost twice that long and we could add to the force largely without much trouble. Our mechanics get from three to six Mexican dollars a week, or from a dollar and a half The very best of the foremen receive as high as eighty dollars a month, and under foremen get about thirty-five Mexican dollars a month. Our possible supply of labor

"By the way," continued Mr. Cornish, "I suppose the eight-hour rule came from the fact that this establishment was originally organized by an American who came here a score or more years ago and was employed by the Chinese to run it. He ran it so well that he made a fortune out of it, and for this reason it was taken out of his The Chinese don't object to money being made, provided they make it themselves, and they saw that Mr. Falls was getting rich very fast. They now handle the thing themselves and if there are any fat contracts or squeezes to be made it is a Chinaman who has charge of them."

is, of course, unlimited."

getting two six-inch guns for his ship, which was lying at the arsenal wharf, and with him we took a trip over a Chinese man-of-war. But of this I will write in

FRANK G. CARPENTER. BY THE PIECE OR THE HOUR.

A Method of Avoiding One Phase of the Labor Controversy.

Thus far the experiment at Connor's Creek has resulted just about as most men of good judgment expected it would; the well by the day as he will by the piece or The work moves at a different work, which rewards the laborer according to his skill and industry.

which can be done that way. The heads need it. The ditcher, the carpenter, the clerk, the lawyer, the minister and the world require the stimulus that comes from accomplishment and reward of good work, If a man wheels twenty loads of coal he should be paid for twenty loads and not for fifteen, and if another wheels only fif-teen he should not be paid for twenty. It would be an injustice to the other man

A just and proper method of adjusting wages when the service is not of such a character that it can be conveniently perby the hour. A day's work means nothing particular and may mean almost anything. The working day may be ten hours long, or a dozen, or twenty, or six, or any or more out of every twenty-four, and they must naturally feel dissatisfied if they see others making the same pay for nine or ten hours. While a laboring day means anything we choose to call it, and from its discontent, the hour is a definite and fixed period of time measured by the beats of an orable pendulum, and there is no way to stretch it out or shorten it. What men want and ought to have is pay for the preoccupations men may advantagework as many as twelve hours, peris charged to any citizen who goes to Whatever tends to the most direct and shortest way of getting at the matter tend to the fair and just payment of the laborer. Men have a right to demand and receive pay for every stroke of work and every minute's work they do. This is simple fustice, and by the adoption of the plan of piecework wherever it is applicable and of hour's work in all other cases we shall make the nearest possible approach to ex-

The Eyes and the Typewriter.

Typewriters, while they have done much to relieve labor in one way, are, an eye specialist of considerable reputation believes, not without their injurious effects the incessant changing back and forth of keep the eyes as much as possible upon the manuscript and to pay little attention to the keyboard. For artificial light this oculist prefers a new incandescent electric lamp, shaded by a faintly ground glass. If kerosene lamps are used for night work he prefers the student's lamp, ranking the ordinary, flat-wick kerosene lamp as "the poorest illumination one can use."

Reasonable Request.

Taper-I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear Gingham-It must be a very dear friend, deed, to make you want that much time. Taper-Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife.

Schiltz Is the Man Who makes the best and most nutritious Metager & Co. sell it. Tel. 40%.

FIRST WIFE'S GHOST

Dead Only Two Months, and Came Back to Warn the Stepmother to Care for Her Children.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dispatch in New York

The locality in which this motherly ghost appears is what is known as Baltimore No. who work in the Baltimore vein. The houses are red company structures, and in one them lives Cornelius Boyle, a young man who is quite prominent in politics, having often been chosen as delegate from his ward to Democratic conventions.

Mr. Boyle's wife died about two months ago, leaving four small children. Two weeks ago he married again. Mrs. Boyle No. 2 tell me they don't care to work at getting while on their wedding tour. But since their return she has led a most unhappy existence. She has been haunted, she says, by the first Mrs. Boyle, who, during the last week, visited her almost every day. After these visits Mrs. Boyle has remained unconscious for several hours.

I went to the place to-day and found Mrs. Boyle in the house of a neighbor, the visit she received from the spirit of the first Mrs. Boyle last Saturday having caused such a serious shock to her nerves that she says she will never enter the house again. Her husband, an intelligent young man twenty-eight years old, was with her, and two of the children were playing about the

Mrs. Boyle is very young for a wife, being hardly seventeen years old. She is a pretty girl. She was Miss Sarah Cullings before she was married two weeks ago, and lived in Ashley, near here. She met her husband last St. Patrick's day, and not quite a month afterwards they were married in Phillipsburg, N. J., by Rev. Father Burke. The week following they spent in New York, and last Monday arrived at Boyle's home in Baltimore No. was washing some clothes in the kitchen, Monday afternoon, Mrs. Boyle told me, "when I experienced a most singular feeling, as though somebody were could see nobody. Then I went into the parlor, but no one was there. When spilled up the floor. I set them right again. that instant there swept by me a figure of no particular shape, except the head, and that I saw distinctly. The face was a woman's, and had such a peculiar look about it that I can never forget. It was HE CALLED IT A JOKE.

"The children called in the neighbors, and after some time I was revived. When my husband returned home I told him story. He called it a joke, and said I imagined it all. I tried to think no more

"The next day," continued Mrs. Boyle, "I was alone in the kitchen making some bread when I again felt the dreadful, overpowering sensation of the peculiar presence. It gradually grew in shape until the head was fully visible. Then I could see the face. It was the same as on the day pre-

"Then it gradually faded away, and again fainted from fright. This time some of children thought I was crazy. for my sister. That night I again told my husband about the ghostly visitor. My nerves were unstrung and I was very much excited. Mr. Boyle got some books to quiet and we began looking them over. Among the books was a photograph al-bum. He was turning over the leaves and

"Finally he turned a page, and there be-fore me was the face of that ghost I had seen. So suddenly was the face presented before me that I shrieked with horror. My husband, startled, sprang to his feet, and asked me what was the matter. All I could do was to point to the album, which had fallen to the floor, and say, That face! "'What about it?" cried my husband.

"'It is the same as the ghost's,' I managed to say. "He was very much horrified at this, and "'Why, that's the face of my first wife!

'Then he believed what I had said regarding the apparition, for he knew I had never seen either her or any photograph

not well. That day-Wednesday-I stayed from the kachen. My sister did the and nothing happened. So I believed the visits of the ghost were ended. On Thursday my sister and I were in the kitchen cutting carpet rags. Among the old clothing was a jacket of 'Jamesy's who is my husband's oldest boy. I took it out of the bag to give to Annie, my sis-

did so it was pulled from my hands and thrown on the floor. At the same instant I felt the presence of the ghost, although I could see nothing. My sister then picked the jacket from the floor.

HER SISTER SAW THE GHOST. the eyes blazing as though in anger. My sister shrieked in terror and fell into my arms. I managed to retain consciousness to stay with me

"The next day was Friday and my hus-band remained at home all day. In the evening my husband went down to the store and I began undressing 'Jamesy,' who is older than the others and had been allowed to stay up longer. He was very naughty and I had to scold him. Then I put him to bed and returned to the sitting room. As I entered the room the ghost stood before me. I was becoming less afraid of it, and though greatly frightened managed to say:

" 'What do you want?" "The ghost pointed one of its hands at me, and, although I could not see the mouth move, it spoke and said, 'Treat my children well' three times and very slowly. "When my husband returned a few minites later I was in a faint on the floor. visit decided us, and we agreed to another. I did not want to stay another day, but my husband persuaded me to stay in order to pack up some of the goods. Inis last day was yesterday. In the afternoon 'Jamesy' was a naughty boy again. "I caught his arm and began to shake him. Immediately the ghost appeared. It seemed to come from behind the kitchen stove. One hand caught the boy and pulled him from me, while with the other hand she struck me on the head. It was all over in a few seconds, and as the ghost disappeared I snatched up the boy and ran out of the house. I went to Mrs. McLaugh-You look ill, Mrs. Boyle, she said. Why, your head What is the matter? s all covered with ashes.'

"I put my hand on my head and there were ashes there. They must have come from the ghost's hands." The boy "Jamesy" was then called. He is a bright little fellow, about five years old. I asked him what had happened yesterday afternoon. "Me was a bad boy," "She shake me," pointing to Mrs. Boyle. "Then my mamma-not my new mamma, my old one-come out from behind stove and pull me away. I haven't seen my old mamma for a long time." Mr. Boyle said he did not believe in ghosts, but he believes what his wife says, and will not allow her to go into the house

A Painter of Cats.

their pictures. Carl Kahler's cats have been attracting much attention. The artist exhibited several of his paintings, the most notable being the interior of his studio in Melbourne, Australia. This picture is a copy of a cat owned by a San Francisco lady, who readily consented to its being copied by the artist upon the condition that it would remain in his own possession. When the painting was shown at the world's fair, in the Austrian section, an early offer of \$5,000 was made for it through the Austrian commission. This was declined and afterward increased by degrees to \$12,000. The artist went but to Chicago and cut the canvas diagonally across, so putting aside all temptation to break his word. This painting, with the story, hangs now with the collection on exhibition in New York, but the casual visitor is rather at a loss to know why anybody should have been willing to pay such a sum for it. The real gems of the display are the Angora cats, and without having seen

them it is impossible to imegina how va-

ried, fascinatingly interesting and beautiful these usually uninteresting animals become under Carl Kahler's brush. One called young cat with deep blue eyes, apprehenother called "Wickedness' is a splendid curtain, and gazing straight at you, with wonderful phosphorescent green eyes. "The Happy Family" is another strikingly beau-tiful picture, and there are altogether some fifteen or twenty large paintings of cats, each as interesting in its individuality as if it were a portrait of a human being.

A BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

"So you are going to California; then do not fall to go to Santa Barbara for the flower festival; it is a most unique and interesting event. California, you know, is the flowery kingdom, and Santa Barbara is the capital of the kingdom. At no place will you be so overwhelmed with the vastness and variety of the flower products of the coast. This quaint town was old before St. Louis was thought of, was an important point when Boston was a village and New York the capital of the Dutch possessions of the new world and Chicago's site a play ground for frogs. Spanish Franciscan monks settled and built a mission there early in the seventeenth century. You will never regret your visit." Incited by this enthusiastic hint and

armed with a letter of introduction to Mr. E. W. Gaty, who is the Mayor of the city of roses and senoritas, one April afternoon found us being whirled around the edges of Santa Barbara valley, along whose side trickled and gurgled the water through irrigating ditches that give life to pretty groves of orange, fig. prune, lemon, English walnut and apricot orchards bordered by the picturesque pepper trees and crimson bodied green foliaged eucalyptus, an Australian tree that loses its bark each season instead of its leaves. The orchards and valley presented a scene wondrous fair to see. On the right towered the velvety green sides of grass-clad mountains, on the left beat the warm swelling surf of the Pacific, murmuring tales of tropical isles that rest far away upon its blue bosom; here it fretted its force against a white sanded beach, and anon a rocky cliff withstood its battering blows. Coppercolored Castilians or their darker hued Mexican kinsmen lounged in picturesque idleness around their adobe homes or sat a prancing horse with a graceful abandon that lingered long in the memory. As the into the crimson tipped waves of the Pacific, burnishing the green velvety sides of the Santa Inez mountains, towering four thousand feet above us, the train glided between live oak crowned hills into the prettiest seaside town in America. With the glories of a sunset found only in Italy or on the Pacific coast added it was a June sunset in New England. Under the guidance of Gaty early morning found us astir inhaling copious draughts of the pure, bracing, flower-scented air, eager for the fray of flowers to come later in the day. In April, 1891, President Harrison and Mrs. Harrison visited Santa Barbara. In honor of their visit a floral festival was given, which proved so unique and interesting that in April, 1892, it was repeated on a grander scale, and now it has been made an annual festival lasting five days, during which the city is given over to a revelry of roses. An annual pilgrimage and a payment of homage to the goddess Flora that is destined to rival the famous "Bataille des Fleurs" at Nice. Over 2,500,000 flowers, that number thousands of different varieties, are used in decoration for this flower festival, from the rarest gifts of the cultivated garden to the wild flowers that are coaxed by the gentle showvalley and on mountain side. On one float fifteen thousand La France roses are used on another fifteen thousand Marguerites formed into things of beauty by the bewil-dering profusion of flower decoration. ng the festivities of the flower festival.

by oxen, donkeys, mules or highstepping horses, gayly bedecked with flowrying people of all complexions and stations There a party of chattering Mexicans. each man's head surmounted by the peculiar Mexican hat, that costs from \$5 to 25, while the balance of his costume could he safely estimated at a cost not to exceed 'senoras' and "senoritas," who wear no

eyed "senors" and "senoritas," through whose veins flow the blood of an ancestry that reaches back for centuries back to the time when "El Capitan" Don Jose Dela Guerra y Noriega and other Castilian tury. Yonder, silhouetted against the fringy ern park wagon. It has been transformed into a gorgeous floral basket, in which sit a pair of young bloods, armed for the fray

of flowers soon to begin. A stylish pair of chestnut-sorrel horses draw a nobby park phaeton, that is fairylike in decoration; a canopy is swung in graceful lines in the rear, and this is surmounted by an American eagle. There is style. In it are seated a gentleman and ladies, in smart summer costumes, and they are industriously warding off th sun's rays with their stylish shades. Ah see that gayly-bedecked cart and its com-fortable occupants; note their midsummer make-up, you shivering mortals in a less

favored clime. Here, indeed, is a novel sight-a Spanish band on horseback; violins, mandolins and guitars, eight of them, under the baton of a venerable Castillan, are playing the dreamy, sensuous music of Spain, in which seems to slumber a fire of a fury that is ulled into quiet only by the strains of these

sweet stringed instruments.

Look at this—this winrow of scarlet and green. It is at least four feet high, and so dense a humming bird could not creep through its maze of flowering foliage; it is a hedge of geraniums. And, wonder of wonders, look at those trees. They are fuchias; yes, actually the plants that we nurse in pots under glass at home, and their pendant bell-like buds are thousands. Those beds of lilies are fields, far-reaching, foamy, perfume-ladened farms. See that rose tree—not a bush, but a tree—whose gorgeous burden of buds are thousands; at least sixty feet in diameter is its flowery

And we cease to wonder that two and one-half million of flowers could be used at the festival and not be missed. But here comes the parade. State street s being cleared for the battle of flowers. Up one side and down the other go the flower-bedecked vehicles, carrying the laughing, shouting warriors. Never was combat so merrily entered upon; never did warrior hurl at warrior such sweet, harmless missiles, amid the shouts and laughter of gay women and brave men. To the soft, sensuous music of guitar and mandolin they pelt each other to their hearts' content. Ah, but here is the crowning event of the festival. A pair of flower-clad, revolving turreted monitors, manned by sweet little men-of-war children, eight to ten years of age, in natty naval uniforms. The flower-loaded guns of the floats were maneuvered into position, and let go at each other broadsides of flower that threaten to swamp them in sweetness. The flowery shot fill the air, amid shouts of delighted laughter from contestants and spectators. There was no blood, no dying groans, no maimed and wounded, no widows, no orphans, no tears watered this battleground; and yet, except in our grateful memories, no monuments will be built to commemorate the heroes of this battle. J. H. M.

"MOTHER'S : FRIEND":

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It short-ens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, con-taining valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ra.

These are very pretty Children's Suits and just in.

These are the ruling styles of Boys' Suits for this season.

All the above prices are just half what they are really worth, and cannot be matched for quality and low cost in any other house outside of No. 10 West Washington Street.

SPECIAL!!

The Advance Sale of Seats for SINGLE CONCERTS of the

MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL

Will begin at the Big Four Ticket Office, No. 1 East Washington St.,

Promptly at 9 o'clock TO-MORROW MORNING.

The Principal Features of the various Concerts will be as follows:

TUESDAY MAY 15: "ST. PAUL," Oratorio by Mendelssohn, (Part EVENING, MAY 15: "ST. PAUL," Oratorio by Mendelssohn, (Part EVENING, MAY 15: "and Excerpts), Chorus of 300 Voices, under the direction of Prof. F. X. Arens. The Boston Festival Orchestra of 50 Musicians, under the direction of Prof. EMIL Mol-LENHAUER. Solo parts by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Mme. Clara Poole-King, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Max Heinrich. Selected solos by M. Henri Marteau, violin

ARTISTS' CONCERT. SOLOISTS, Miss WEDNESDAY MAY 16: Emma Juch, Mme. Clara Poole-King, Mr. Van Vechtan Rogers, Mr. Fritz Giese. Orchestral numbers by the Boston Festival Orchestra.

virtuoso; Mlle. Trebelli, Mme. Poole-King and Mr. Davies.

WEDNESDAY MAY 16: "FAIR ELLEN," Dramatic Cantata by Max NIGHT, Solo parts by Mme. Emma Eames, Mr. E. C. Towne and Mr. Watkin Mills. Selected solos by Mme. Eames, Mr. Towne, Mr. Mills and Mr. Friedheim, and Trio from "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart), Mme. Eames, Mr. Towne and Mr. Mills.

THURSDAY MAY 17: ARTISTS' CONCERT. Soloists: M. Henri MATINEE, MAY 17: Marteau, M'lle Antoinette Trebelli, Mr. Arthur Friedheim, Mr. E. C. Towne, Mr. Fritz Giese. ORCHESTRAL NUMBERS by the Boston Festival Orchestra.

THURSDAY MAY 17: GRAND WAGNER CONCERT. Excerpts from EVENING, MAY 17: "LOHENGRIN," "FLYING DUTCHMAN," "TANNHAEU-SER" and "DIE MEISTERSINGER." FESTIVAL CHORUS OF 300 VOICES under the direction of PROF. F. X. ARENS, Boston Festival Orchestra. Solo parts by Miss Emma Juch, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. C. Towne, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. D. M. Babcock.

PRICES. FOR SINGLE CONCERTS--Main Floor, f ont row, \$2; rear rows, \$1.50; Balconv, fr. nt row, \$2.50; rear rows, \$2; Gallery, \$1. MATINEES--All parts of house, \$1.

SPECIAL NOTICE-There will positively be no General Admission Tickets sold at reduced prices on the evenings of the various Concerts. Only tickets good for seats, at regular prices, will be on sale. All railroads will give reduced rates from Indiana points to the Festival. Seats can be reserved by writing or telegraphing B. C. KELSEY, Big Four Ticket Office, Indianapolis.

SUNDAY JOURNAL; by Mail to any Address, \$2 per Annum.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES. CUT, BAND and all other Belting, Emery Whools and MillSupplies. Illinois street, one square so th

BELTING an I

W. B. BARRY Saw & Supply Co 1328. Penn. St. All kinds of wave lines. MILL SUPPLIES AND OILS
Saws, Belting, Emery Wheels, Files, Wool and

> Hordyke & Marmon Ca [Estab. 1851.] Foundersant Machinists cioth, Grain-cleaning Machiner Middlings Puritiers, Portage Mills, etc., etc. Take stress care

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE. THEODORE STEIN. Successor to Wm. C. Anderson.

ABSTRACTER OF TITLES S6 EAST MARKET STREET

PHYSICIANS. DR. J. A. SUTCLIFFE, Surgeon. OFFICE-95 East Market street. Hours -9 to 19 L nr.; 2 to 3 p. m., Samdays excepted. Telephone 941.

DR. BRAYTON. OFFICE-26 E. Ohio; from 10 to 12 and 21; ... RESIDENCE-808 East Washington street. House telephone 1279. Office telephone, 1414.

RESIDENCE-270 North Delaware street Offer hours, 8 to 9 a. m.; 2 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 5 p. a. Ollor telephone, 802. House telephone, 1215. DR. SARAH STOCKTON

DR. E. HADLEY.

227 NORTH DELAWARE STREET DR. C. I. FLETCHER OFFICE-369 South Meridian street. Office Hours—9 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 1 p. m.; 7 to 1 p. m.

DR. REBECCA W. ROCERS a. m., 2 to 5 p. m. Sundays: 4 to 5 p. m., at her dence, 440 North Meridian street.

Dr.J.E.Anderson -SPECIALIST-Chronic and Nervous Diseases

Grand Opera House Block, N. Penn. St

and Diseases of Women,

DENTIST-J. S. BAILY, 12 VANCE BLOCK,

PRICES REDUCED.

62 EAST MARKET ST



Champion Iron and Steel Ribbon Lawn Fences, Wreght Iron Fences and Gates, Iron Fence Pests ELLIS & HELFENBERGER, 162 to 168 Sout

SEALS AND STENCILS. TEOJMAYER, SEALS, OF TEL 1386. 15 S.MERIDIAN ST. GROUND FLOOR.

- SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT --

Absolute safety against Fire and Burglar, Finest and only Vault of the kind in the State. Police nan day and night on guard. Designed for the said keeping of Money, Bonds, Wills, Deeds, Abstructs Silver Plate, Jewels and valuable Transa and race

S. A. Fletcher & Co. Safe-Deposit. John S. Tarkington, Manager. BRASS FOUNDY AND FINISHING

PIONEER BRASS WORKS. Mfrs, and Dealers in all kinds of Brass Goods, 1917, and light Castings. Car Bearing a specialty. Expair and Job Work promptly attended to, 110 to 115 Bouth Pennsylvania street. Telephone 515.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. The School Trustees of the City of Tip-ton, Ind., will receive, up to noon, Wednesday, May 23, 1894, sealed proposals for furnishing the necessary labor and materials for the construction of a two-story and

basement, eight room brick school build-ing, about 78 by 80 feet. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the architect, J. F. Bruff, Kokomo, Ind., and at Moore Bros', drug store, Tipton, Ind. All bids must be accompanied by a guarantee of \$1,000 to secure the proper construction of said building should the bid be accepted. Said bids will be opened at 1 o'clock p. m., at Tipton County Bank, Tipton, Ind., Wednesday, May 23, 1894, and contract awarded to the lowest responsible bidder. The trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

E. H. SHIRK, President B. of E.

Advertisements

A. F. GROVE, Secretary.

ARE Salesmen

That always land their customers. They pursue people at all times and into all places and force attention.

There is No Putting Them Off. They Keep Everlastingly at It.

If you are a good busi-

ness man you know that you ought to advertise your goods in THE JOURNAL, for it requires no argument to convince you that it does reach the people who are able to buy and pay for goods.